

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

So you have all forgotten me, and I am left alone in the "Corner." There is rather a lonely look about it, is there not? Oh, well, I am living in the hope of a batch of letters reaching me one of those days. How about winter sports? Surely you are all amusing yourselves in some way. All readers of the "Corner" are interested in each other's doings. So send an account of your winter fun.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

A THREAD SAVED HIM.

"I wonder what keeps your father so late. His supper will be cold, and he needs a good, warm meal at night after working hard all day on that high steeple. Johnny, run down the street to the second corner and see if father is coming."

Johnny was a white-haired boy, about seven years. He was playing on the floor with some building blocks; but he left all promptly, put on his cap and ran down the street as his mother told him.

Mrs. Watson worked away on her husband's coat, which she was mending, going every few minutes to look at the biscuits in the oven or to turn the meat, and then stepping to the door she would look anxiously down the street to see if Johnny and his father was coming.

"It is strange that he does not come. I wonder what delays him? Johnny ought to be back; he has had time enough to run to the corner and back a dozen times."

She turned again to her sewing and soon held up the coat, shook off the threads, and said: "That is nearly as good as new. I must get the shine off the back and press it. I don't make it look as well as the tailor, but Tom says I do all right."

Just then Johnny came running in all out of breath. His face was white with fear, so that his mother said: "What is it, Johnny? Where is father?"

"Up on the church! He can't get down!" "Can't get down? What do you mean?" "He can't get down! Everybody is there around the church!"

"Where? Let us go, Johnny." Away the two went down the street the mother going so rapidly that she soon left Johnny some distance behind. Sure enough, the whole town seemed to be around the church. The superintendent came up to Mrs. Watson and said:

"We thought we would get him down before you came, Mrs. Watson; that's why we didn't let you know. The rope by which he was to come down has broken, and we have been unable thus far to get another rope up to the steeple."

"Woolen socks, which I want for him myself. Every thread is strong and smooth, thank God. Send for balls of twine of different weights, and have your rope ready."

"I understand! I understand!" said the superintendent, as his face brightened, and he hastened to give the orders for balls of twine. Before the end of the woolen thread, upon which Watson had fastened two nails as weights, had reached the ground, the twine was on hand and ready.

First was attached to the woolen thread a light twine. "Tell him to pull up," said the superintendent to Mrs. Watson. They all seemed to realize that Tom Watson would understand his wife's voice and that she had better give the orders.

"Roll up, Tom! Roll up!" "Aye, Meg! Aye!" came the voice back so all could hear.

When the men were sure Watson had the twine, they attached one of heavier weight, then heavier, and at last the rope. By this time every man, woman and child, except those attending to the ropes, was kneeling and many were praying aloud. A rush fell over all when the rope was attached to the steeple and Tom began to descend.

"Safe! Safe to the roof!" was the glad cry that went up as Watson's feet rested on the roof below the steeple. He made some changes in the fastenings, so as to turn the rope away from the sharp edges, and after resting a few minutes began coming down the steep roof, slowly, cautiously over the eaves to the first window, then a little lower to the edge, and yet lower, lower, to the ladder which two men were holding. It was only a few seconds until he was standing on the ground with his wife's arms around his neck. The eyes were no longer dry, the tears rolled down her face, and between the sobs she said:

"Thank God! Thank God! Thank you, Blessed Mother! Will some one go to the church for Johnny?" Johnny was there in a short time, and the three departed for home.

"Boys," said the superintendent, "it is sometimes a good thing to have homemade socks, for in this case a woolen thread saved Tom Watson's life."—Sunday Companion.

THE LION AT THE BARBER'S.

Once upon a time the lion decided that he should go to the barber's, and so he posted off to the shop kept by the monkeys.

"I'm in a big hurry," said the lion, as he climbed into the barber's chair. "Get through with me as quick as you can, for I want to catch a train." He threw himself back in the chair and closed his eyes, and before the monkeys had half recovered from their scare he had fallen asleep and was snoring.

"What did he say he wanted—a hair cut or a shampoo?" asked the chief barber of his assistant. "He didn't say," answered Jimmy. "Well, I guess you'd better wake him up and ask him."

"Well, I guess I'll resign my job," replied Jimmy. "If I wake him up he will eat me up." "Then I'll shave him," said the chief.

"Maybe that isn't what he wants, and he'll eat you up," said Jimmy. "Then suppose I cut his hair?" "He may not want his hair cut and he'll eat you up for that."

"He'll eat us both up, then." The chief scratched his head and the assistant scratched his head, but presently Jimmy said: "Boss, I would like to get off to-day to go and see a sick friend."

"All right," answered the chief, as the happy idea flitted through his brain, "and I'll take a day off too." So they took each other by the paw and tiptoed as easily as they could across the plain until they got out of earshot of the lion, and then they ran. And unless he went to another barber shop, Mr. Lion hasn't had his shave or hair cut from that day to this.

THE WINTER SLEEPERS.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The woodchuck, for example, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up long enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by the hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.—Ex.

After a great snowstorm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snowbank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man, passing along cheerfully, "that's how." This is the secret of mastering every problem and difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is, but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller until it is done.

SNOBBISHNESS IN DOGS.

A dog fancier once took exception to Professor Huxley's assertion that "one of the most curious peculiarities of the dog mind was its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. The dog who barks furiously at a beggar will let a well-dressed man pass him without opposition." He said that, in fact, only dogs of well-dressed persons act so. Dogs accustomed to men in rags bark, not at beggars, but at persons clothed in sleek broad-cloth.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

The country people of England, as well as of several other countries, have an idea that the red of the robin's breast was caused by a drop of blood which fell upon it at the crucifixion. According to the story, the robin, commiserating the condition of Christ, tried to pluck the crown of thorns from his brow, and in doing so, got its breast wet with the blood flowing from the wounds. The color became permanent, being transmitted from generation to generation, and thus, according to the legend, the robin is a perpetual reminder of the sufferings of Christ.

COMRADES.

Bobby was ten years old, and an alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family dinner, one block away from her home, without mishap.

He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together. "I hope he will remember that she is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough," said Bobby's mother as she began to cross the younger children. But when she arrived at the family party it appeared that grandmother

had turned her ankle and was lying on the lounge. "Bobby," said the mother reproachfully, "where were you when grandma slipped?" "Now, I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. "We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought we could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing; when you get to be most ninety you'll count a turned ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that lives can rub this ankle amine or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!"

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Why Birds Love the Trees and Build Nests in Them. An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Whenever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would come when they would fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came, and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made the red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.—Kansas City Journal.

SICK KIDNEYS

Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbing Pains That Make Life Almost Unendurable. An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause backaches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the kidneys right, and make lame, aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N.S., says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back, which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe form."

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THE SINAI OF TODAY

Sinai is not a populous country; only a handful of Bedawyn occupy the peninsula, and their ideas of population are somewhat limited, writes Mr. Flinders Petrie, in The Queen. One Bedawyn in the interior pointed out four little tents in a mountain landscape, and exclaimed: "Behold the city of Aligat!" Another man in a lonely valley described to me his village, and on further inquiry I found that it consisted of a single hut, where he himself lived alone!

And finally I may, perhaps, describe our following, to give some further idea of the Bedawyn of Sinai. Most of our men wore great sheepskins and sandals; all of them carried arms. They bore across their backs horizontally blunderbusses five feet long, were gird with long curved swords and had brass-handled daggers in their belts.

The two brothers, Abu Silu, were owners of my camel and the post-camel which joined our caravan. They were thin, lithe, aquiline-nosed men. Salim, who looked like a Baptist in the wilderness, walked with a sedate and modest air, head always bent and eyes cast on ground, his hands crossed before him. He wore a long white cotton garment and a dark blue drapery much patched and stitched about, and over all the brown skin of an antelope. His head-ropes was of sheep's wool, with copper knobs and loops. His sword was an old one, the sword of his father.

Sulyman wore a cotton garment of reddish-brown, which had once been white, over a newer white garment, which had sleeve peaks to the knee. His long coat was of red cotton, striped with yellow, black and white, and, later, with bright blue stuff, and eventually quilted diagonally to hold it together. His white linen head-shawl was held by a goat's hair head-ropes, over which a black and crimson milaya was draped. He carried with a graceful bend of the wrist, a red forked stick, which survives as a camel stick in various parts of the East. In Egypt a stick of this form was figured as a sceptre from 5000 B. C. Sulyman looked superb, gracefully poised on his camel, on a saddle-bag of red and yellow embroidery.

Dakheyl was a handsome, square-built man, with a wonderful brown complexion and even row of white teeth. He was an unscrupulous person, and it was necessary throughout the journey to keep him severely in hand. He walked with a spring step and gliding motion which only belongs to Bedawyn, and had a feline grace which was inimitable.

The fourth Arab was an uninteresting person, who figured daily in a colored counterpane. The remaining member of our escort was a Suweleh, a Socrates. He belonged to an aboriginal type of which we only saw two other examples. He was a short, bandy-legged, dark creature, with round face and snub nose, and the habits and movements of a monkey. One felt that he had inhabited the country, before over the Bedawyn came there.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Lills. Their operation, though gentle, is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

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